

Accessions

149,694

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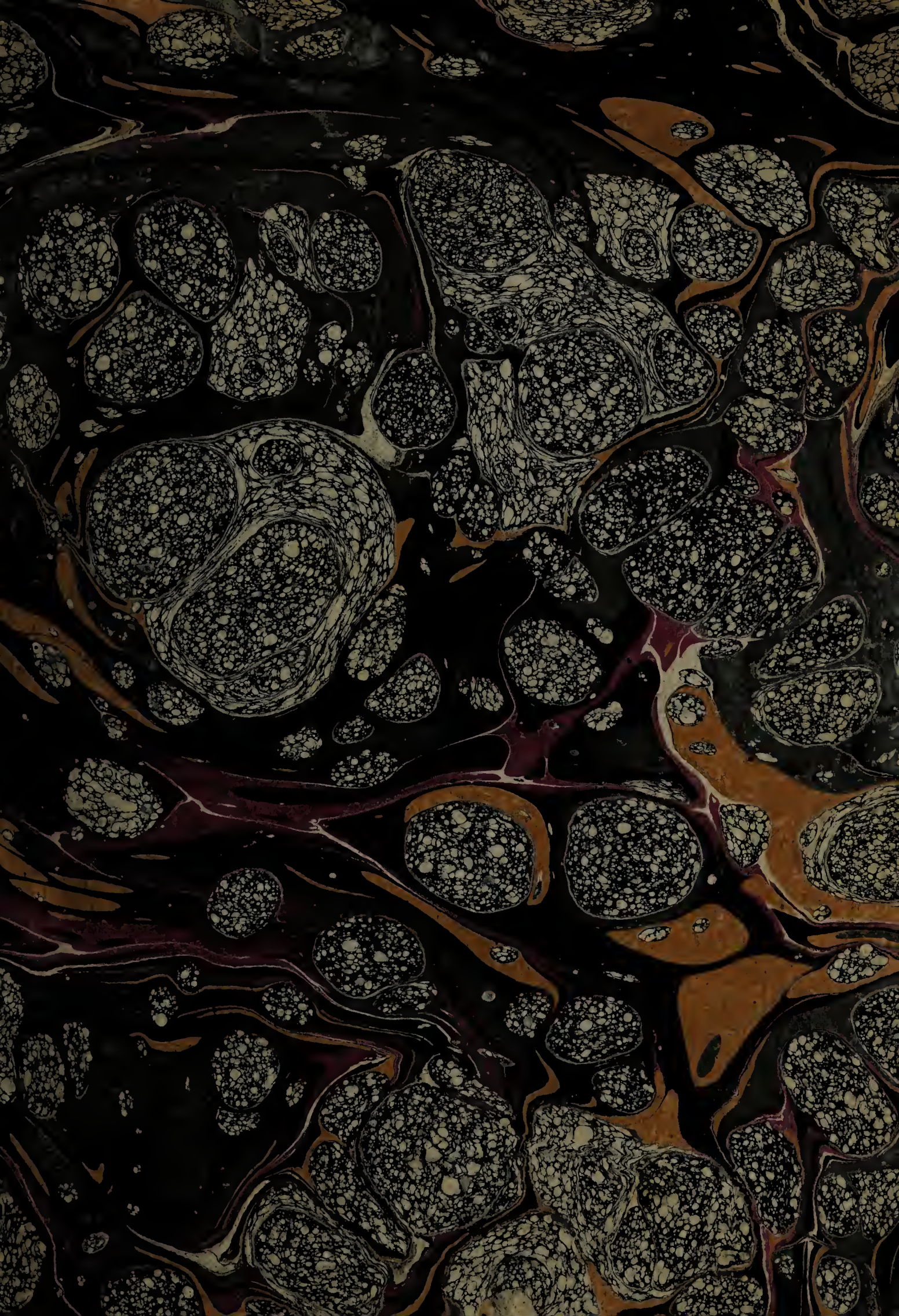


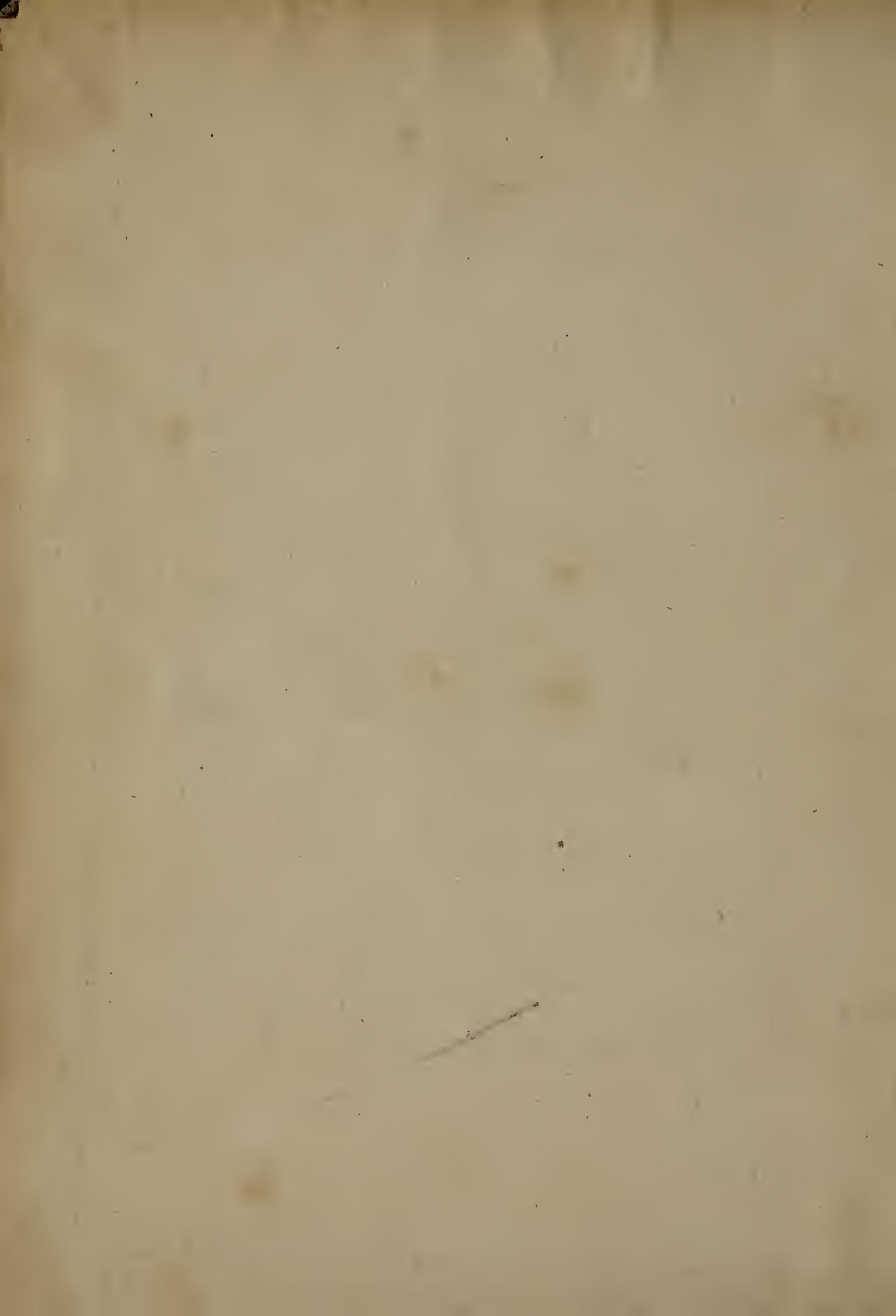
Thomas Pennant Barton.

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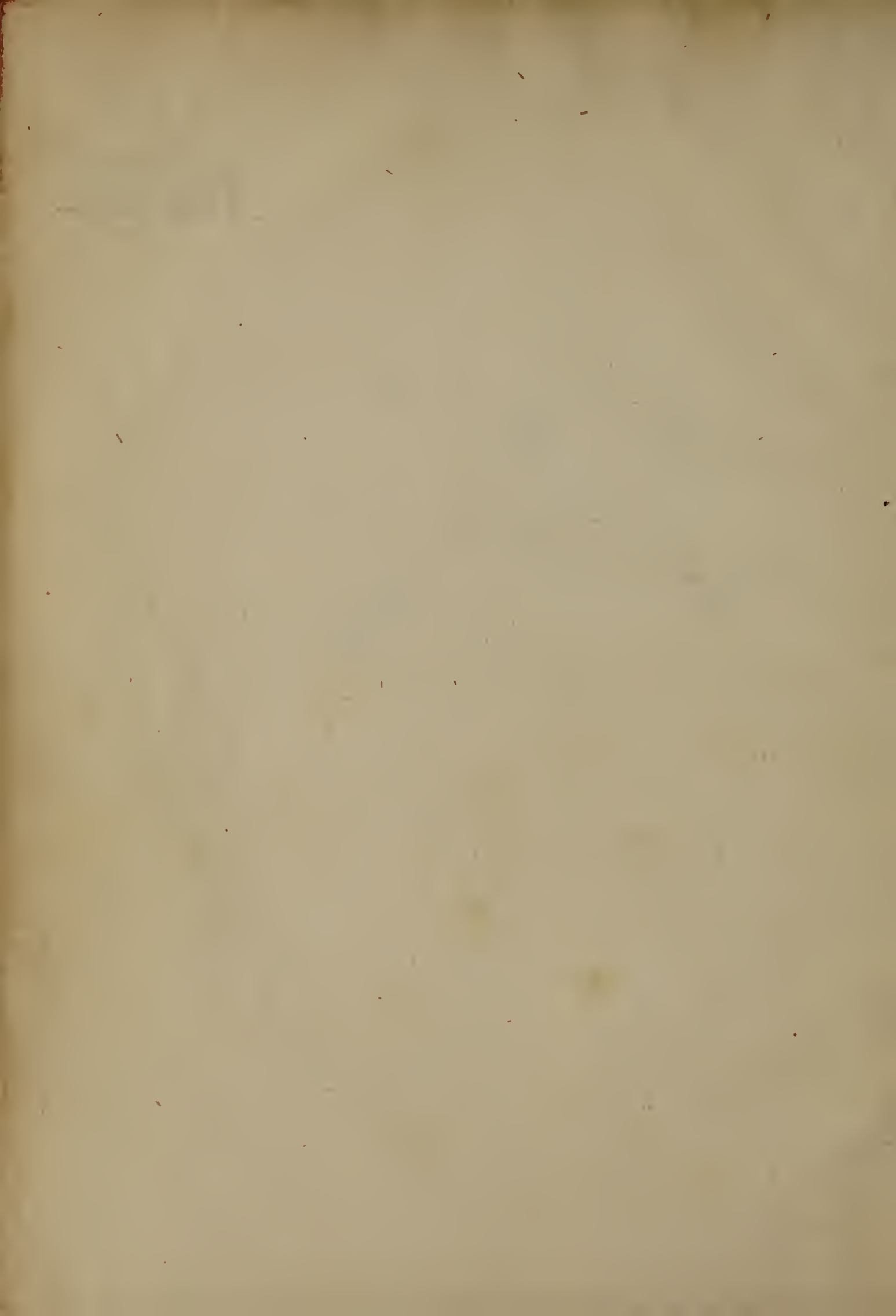
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5
BIBLIOTHECA
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2 THE FAMOUS
 TRAGEDIE
 OF
 King Charles I.

Basely BUTCHERED by those who are,
Omne nefas proni patare pudoris inanes
Crudeles, violenti, Importunique tyranni
Mendaces, falsi, peruersi, perfidiosi,
Fædisfragi, falsis verbis infunda loquentes.

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED,

The several Combinations and machinations
 that brought that incomparable PRINCE to the Block,
 the overtures hapning at the famous Seige of Col-
 chester, the Tragical fals of Sir *Charls Lucas* and
 Sir *George Lisle*, the just reward of the Level-
 ler *Rainsborough*, *Hamilton* and *Bailies Treche-*
ries, In delivering the late *Scottish Army*
 into the hands of *Cromwell*, and the designe
 the Rebels have, to destroy the
 ROYAL POSTERITY.

Anon

Printed in the Year, 1649.

There is another edition of this play in the same year
mine wants the first poem. with the 3 Stanzas

149,694

May, 1873.



To the Sacred

M A J E S T Y

O F

Great Britain, France and Ireland,

KING CHARLS II.

I.

May it please Your Majesty,

Sterne Fates permitted, Your Great Syre to fall
By those (who at the first) disguiz'd their ends
With specious showes, and have procur'd our thrall
Like holy miscreants, and Religious Fiends,
By a most pious trick, have slav'd us all
To Death, an Hell, till *Jove* his mission sends
By *Michal's* hand, to Thee Great *Charls* His Heire
To Redeeme us, and fill the Regall Chaire.

II.

The depth of their Designe, was hatch'd in Hell
From the first hour, Your Father warm'd his Seate;
So that even *Infants* now can prattle well
Twenty years since (in thought they were as great

A 2

As

As now they are) and (O most strange) to tell
Had taken Oathes, their Machine, to compleat
Or sinke in the attempt, though to the Nation
It seem'd, they nothing sought, but *Reformation*.

III.

O *Reformation* dire, that kills our King,
Doth both invert, and subvert, Discipline;
Vacates all Law, each private man doth bring
(For fear) to countenance, their damn'd Designe.
Propriety, Great Britains Gimiel KING
Taken away, while Treason in a line
Like the plague takes, and the damn'd Faction grows
Great in that Tribe, in which at first it rose.

IV.

Our Goods and Lives, we forfeit at their wils
Our Noble *Heros*, do by dozens fall;
The Loyall Gentry, grief, or Prisons kills;
The People each day rob'd and spoil'd of all,
While those *Plebeians*, who procure our ills
Feed high, sleep soft, have Kingdomes at their cal.
Strange revolution, O accurst mutation
That appoints *Coblers* for to rule a Nation.

V.

But sure (Great Prince) thou oft hast laugh'd aloud
To cogitate, what their *ambition*
Hath brought them to, who now are grown so proud
As (fearlesse of thy strength, and their condition)
As to proclaime Thee Traytor, midst the crowd
And to divulge, their Trayterous prohibition
If thou returne, for to regaine thy right
Thou must expect to perish by their spight.

Summo.

VI.

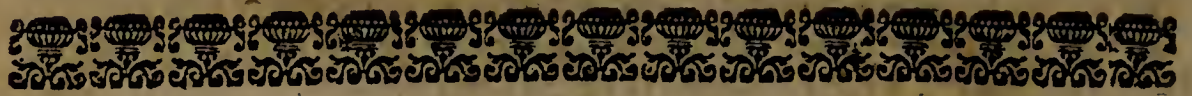
Summon all Nations, to thy speedy aide,
 Search from the *Orient* to the *Occident*,
 The *Gets*, and *Parthians*, *Switzers*, (who are swaid
 By fierce *Camillas* second) *Tartars* bent
 To bloud and horrou, those whose God is said
 To hang twixt Heaven and Earth, the *Truculent* ;
Fastidious Moore, take all, except 'gainst none,
 For many hands, must lead Thee to Thy Throne.

VII.

So let this most unhopitable Land
 Smart for her Treasons till all kneele to Thee
 Offering themselves as Slaves to Thy Command
 Whom *Jove* hath sworn, an Earthly Deitie
 That by Thy heavy, and Victorious hand
 Those Monsters who doom'd Thy great Syre to die
 May receive treble vengeance, and so perish,
 Ensuing times, may fear their thoughts to cherish.

VIII.

That having gain'd thine own, appeas'd the Rabble,
 Silenc'd Thy foes, by Counsels or by Death,
 Purg'd that accursed fowle *Augæan* stable
 At *Westminster*, by Thy vindictive breath
 Like Thy Great *Ancestors*, Thou maist be able
 To weare in Peace, Great *Britaines* glorious Wreath,
 While all Thy Subjects for to serve Thee Joy
 Singing allowd with me, *Vive le Roy*.



To the Author, on his Tragedy.

With a fowre aspect, and a Critick eye
I have perus'd, thy well writ Tragedie ;
My ravisht soul, grew sicker then the Age
When as I hastned, to the latter page:
Wrapt in a sweet amazement such an one
As dreaming men, sometimes, do thinke upon
Who when they wake, are wroth and vexed sore
They of that sweet delusion taste no more.
I wisht thy Play had been more largely writ
Or I had ne're seene, or perused it.
In which *Apollo*, and the three times three
Sweet *Thespian* Ladies, chaunt (though dolefully)
Such stately layes, that famous *Sophocles*
Would write his Plaies a new, saw he but these :
Melpomene, girt in a purple Robe
Her hand in Heaven, her foot upon Earths Globe
Is taught by thee, to chaunt forth Tragick notes
Such as do damn the Rebels and their Votes.
He that can read thy Play, and yet forbear
For his late Murthered Lord, to shed a tear,
Hath an heart fram'd of *Adamant* and may
Pass for an *Atheist* the Reformed way.
But to conclude, thy raptures I admire
As those are sung, even to *Apollo's* lyre,



THE
P R O L O G U E
TO THE
G E N T R Y.

THough *Johnson, Shakespéare, Goffe, and Devenant,*
Brave Sucklin, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shurley want
The life of action, and their learned lines
Are loathed, by the Monsters of the times;
Yet your refined Soules, can penetrate
Their depth of merit, and excuse their Fate:
With this position those rude Elves that dare
'Gainst all Divine, and humane Laws, make War;
Who count it treble glory, to transgress
Perfect in nothing, but imperfectnesse.
Can finde no better engine to advance
Their Thrones, then vile, and beastly Ignorance:
Their bloody *Myrmidons*, o'th' Table round
Project, to raze, our Theaters to the ground:
No marvell they lap bloud as milke and glory
To be recorded, villaines, upon Story.
"For having kill'd their KING, where will they stay
"That thorow GOD, and M A J E S T I E, make way,
"Throwing the Nobles, and the Gentry downe
"Levelling, all distinctions, to the Crowne.

So

So that (which Heaven forbid) should they reduce
 Our *English* world, to their confused use,
 'Twill be admir'd, more then a prodegie
 To hear an Herald, state a prodigee;
 An'twill be thought, a sharpe, and bitter blur
 To salute any, by the title (*Sir.*)
 We here present you, his deplored fall
 Whose Death will prove a ruine generall,
 (If Fates forbid not) and we hold to view
 What the world knows, is not more strange then true:
 Anotomizing Treason, damning them
 Who Murther'd *Charls*, to share His Diadem,
 And to preserve their Soules in flesh, whose ends
 Unto the ruine, of all *Europe* tends:
 But *Joves* all potent thunder shall divide
 Their plots, and sinke them, in their height of pride.

Exit.

The Persons.

| | | | |
|----------------------|--|--------|----------------------|
| <i>Fairfax.</i> | | Sir { | <i>Charls Lucas.</i> |
| <i>Ireton.</i> | | | <i>George Lisle.</i> |
| <i>Rainsborough.</i> | | Lord { | <i>Blackburne.</i> |
| <i>Peters.</i> | | | <i>Capell.</i> |
| <i>Bosvill.</i> | | } | <i>Goring.</i> |
| <i>Cromwell.</i> | | | |
| <i>Pride.</i> | | | |

| | | |
|----------------------|---|-----------|
| Treason, | } | Souldiers |
| Ambition, | | } Mutes. |
| Lust, | } | |
| Perjury, | | |
| Sacri- | | |
| ledge, | | |
| Revenge, | | |
| Parlia- | | |
| ment-men, | | |
| Messengers. | | |
| <i>Mrs. Lambert.</i> | | |

The



THE
 TRAGEDIE
 OF
 King CHARLES the First.

ACT. I.

Enter Hugh Peters, and Oliver Cromwell.

*Crom-
well.*



*Y fine facetious Devill, who wearst
 the Liverie of the Stygian God, as the
 white Embleme of thy innocence;
 Hast thou prepar'd a pithie formall
 Speech against the essence and the*

*Power of KINGS: that when to morrow all my Myrmi-
 dons doe meet on Onslow-beath, like the Greek Exorcist,
 renowned Calchas, when with his Magicke numbers he
 encouraged great Alreus Sonne and martiall Diomed to
 prosecute their Siege gainst Priam's Towne, by thy in-
 sinuating perswasive art, their hearts may move, like
 Reeds, when Boreas breath smites the huge Oakes, that
 on Mount Pelion grow, I know that Nectar hangs upon
 thy lippes, and that the most absurd Syllogisme, or
 care-deceiving paradox, maintain'd by thee, shall seem*

B

oraculous,

oraculous, more dangerous to question than the Sacred Writ:

Sing then (my *Hugh*) and so thy Numbers sing,
All those that heare, may joyntly curse their *King*.

Peters. Most valiant, and invincible Commander, whose Name's as terrible to the *Royallists* as e're was *Huniades* to the *Turkes*, or *Talbot* to the *French*; thy Nose, like a bright Beacon, sparkling still (the *Atna*, that doth fame our English world) hangs like a Comet o're thy dreadfull face, denouncing death & vengeance; the Ancients fam'd *Alcides* for his Acts, thou hast not flaine, but tane the Kingly *Lyon*, and like great *Tamberlaine* with his *Bajazet*, canst render him within an Iron-Cage a spectacle of mirth, when e're thou pleasest. Had the Snake-footed, earth-borne Sons of old but had thy ayde, *Imponere pelion ossa*, old *Saturne* might have laugh'd to see his Sonne sit sadly by him in the Cimerian shades, while thou didst sway the Empire of the Skies; *Englands* best Patriot, and my noble Patron, a Sermon (such as *Ignatius Loyalla* himselfe, were he to morrow to supply my place, for dangerous Doctrine, direfull Use, and dreadfull Application, would glory to name his) I have provided such an one,

As shall confirme our Faction ten times more

Then all that they have known, or heard before :

In it I'll prove Kings (*ab origine*) have been the Peoples plague, given them by the angry Gods in wrath, the meer exuberance of their crimes, the sordid Vulgar being delighted much to honour those dull Images which themselves erect, and dread those Anticks which themselves depaint, themselves affording both the hornes and nailes which make them either dangerous or ugly, I will assert

affect, that Regall power is Devilish, and inconsistent with the Peoples Freedome: I will make it good, the *Tyrant* now in hold, (whom some yet call, *their Lord King CHARLES*) doth merit violent death, as guilty of the many thousand horrors committed in the late most bitter Warre, I will demonstratively —

Crom. Enough, enough, (my dearest *Hugh*) thou art my better *Genius*, thy advice, I will rely on with more sure respect, then on a Sybils words or Delphian Oracle, drink the *Elixar* of that pretious mettall, [*he gives him Gold*] 'tis soveraign 'gainst that perilous disease, call'd *Speaking truth*, 'twill prove an animation to thy mind, for to proceed in thy audacious practise (I meane, against the King and's House of Peers) thou'lt find it a most precious Antidote against the poyson, wavering fame shall spit, and to conclude, a perfect supplement of all defects that Time, or Fate, shall by harsh doome appoint,

But what will please the best (my dearest *Hugh*)
'Twill purvey for thee, Wine, and Wenches too.

Pet. Sir, you are pleased to make my faults your mirth, I doe confesse the luscious Paphian sinne, hath ever vanquish'd all my virtuous powers, the Cyprian Queene (in full aspect of *Mars*) being predominant solely at my birth, besides the constitution of my body made up of moisture and venerable humors (though some great Ladies say, *leaner men doe best*) may help for to extenuate my crime of being too often prov'd beneath the Navell: But Noble Sir, this Colloquie is too poor, if we consider our most high resolves, our language should be like those Lawes we meane to give, awfull and to be wonder'd at by mortals, fable-brow'd *Saturne*, and bloud-thirsty

thirsty *Mars* must seem sole Rectors over us abroad, though *Venus* and her soft Sonne the fightlesse Boy, challenge our utmost faculties in private.

Crom. Thou art that Load-stone, which shall draw my sense to any part of policy iⁿ the Machiavilian world, we two (like *Mahomet* and his pliant *Monke*) will frame an *English Alchoran*, which shall be written with the self-same pensil great *Draco* grav'd his Lawes; but first, we must subdue the testie Scot, and send the Beggars home, as lowsie, though not so propt with limbs, or so well shap'd as when they chose the politique *Hamilton* to be their Generall: meane time if those auspicious starres of sinne, whose influence hath prosper'd Treason hitherto, shall still continie gracious to our villany, *Tom Fairfax* may take in the Towne of *Colchester*, and force those stubborn truly-valiant *Heroes* (for in my thoughts I doe esteem them so) who have tane shelter in that antient City at least for to comply on remisse tearms; my next work then is to new-mould our Army, and give a strong purgation to those Punies who act for me, and may be called *my Parliament*, whose great worke yet remaines to do (my *Hugh*) *the King shall die*, and they shal Father the most damned act upon the power of *justice*, that done, all Earles and Lords shall downe for to make way for me and those I favour,

Then thee and I, and those whom we create
Will Reigne like Princes, and the Lords of Fate.

Pet. I knew before the scope of your intents, and doe applaud them as magnanimous, and the sole way left to preserve our lives; in order unto which your deare designe, it shall be my taske, both at Presse and Pulpit, to
render

render Kingly Government obnoxious and incompatible with the Peoples Rights; to prove the imprisoned King a truculent Tyrant, whose blood alone can expiate Heavens wrath, and purchase an atonement with the Deities; expect me all I may (renowned Sir) for promulgation of our well-fixt Cause, from which no feare of paine, or hope of profit shall be of force to draw me.

For he that dares attempt, and goes not on,
Doth leap for safety into *Phlegeton*.

Crom. Our conference here must end, some three daies hence I march towards the cold North to meet the Bannock feeding fiery *Scots*: they have (I heard) already worsted *Lambert*, and puff'd up with the pride of victory come on like Lyons, flush'd in humane gore, I shall not need to pray your readinesse.

Pet. Command me as your Creature; Sir, you were pleas'd to impose a taske upon me (which, by the ayde of some one amongst the Nine, I know not which to thanke for the good turne) I have performed, after a tedious pumping: the Theame you gave me, Sir, you know was this,

The Peoples right transcends the power of Kings.

Sir, I have done my best to justifie your learned Axiome in this scroule. [gives him a Paper.]

Crom. Your love to my requests makes your performance of them swift and punctuall by the great *Genius* of this Land (o're which I hope to Reigne) I had forgot what late I urg'd you to, this shall oblige my love. ———
What's here ——— I am an ill Versifier or Verse-maker, (what doe you call your Trimeter-men?) and

none but those have sipt of *Hellicon* (I've heard) can
 grace a Verse i'th' reading it
 — pray sing them your selfe.

} gives the Scroude
 { backe to Peters.

Pet. How Sir? sing them!

Crom. Sing them, or say them, all's one; thinke not I
 I take you for a Ballet-Poet, but I want tearmes of art.

Pet. At your pleasure Sir.

[Peters reads

Even till this Age the People durst not see
 The pride of pompe in formall Tyrannie,
 The People who raise Kings unto the Crowne
 Are ladders, standing still, to let them downe.

Crom. The Peoples backs is the worst paire of staires
 a man can possibly adventure upon; they are strong, but
 slippery; firme, but false: You are an excellent Simi-
 list (my *Hugh*) 'tis an apt comparison to similize the
 People to a Ladder; but I pray Heaven thee and I have
 not ascended so high upon this tall Ladder that we shall
 never have an opportunity to descend without hazar-
 ding our necks.

Pet. I beseech you Sir, either heare me, without pa-
 raphrasing, or command me read no more——

Crom. Nay, now I see thou art a pettish Poet; read
 on, I'le be as silent as a Statue——

Pet. Abolish these false Oracles of might,
 'Cause we were once blind, shal we now hate light?
 Why, like the wood that yeilds helves to the Axe
 Should we upon our selves lay heavy taxe,

Setting up Kings our freedome to confound
With our own strength, exhausting our own ground?

Crom. So, so, enough of this, I'll heare the rest in private, let it suffice (deare *Hugh*) that I accept your Verses with all love, and do assigne you (if *Apollo* please) a Grove of Bay to shade your learned skull from his all-piercing Beames; wing'd-Time hath sent one of his Sonnes to warne me hasten hence; my fate moves swift, and I must move with it (my *Hugh*) Farewell, faile not to offer up strict Orisons unto our swarthy Patron if now I prove victorious:

A King and Kingdome is my valours prize,
By both their ruines, I intend to rise.

manet Peters.

exit Cromwell.

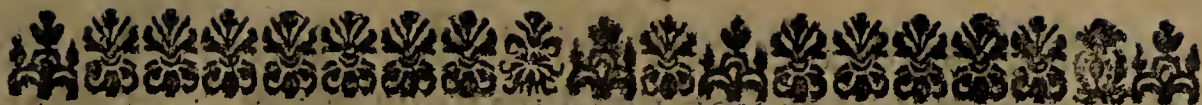
Pet. This fellow (sure) was born (as the Third *Richard*, who once rul'd this Land) with his mouth full of teeth, Nature hath given him an iron soule, able and active limbs, a politique braine which is indeed a store-house of politique stratagems, as if she meant him for the fall & ruine of all mankind; his stout Confederates work their ends amaine, but he outworks 'em all; the very mine they've plac'd for to blow up their pious Sovereigne, shall countermine by Him ruine to themselves, and I faile with them to the invisible Land (my *Hugh*) the *King must die*, those were his words: Oh sad and fatall project! when they have serv'd their utmost ends upon Him, and on their knees tooke Oathes to re-instate Him, must a black Coffin be His Throne, and a cold Vault His garnished Pavillion? Let the fam'd Villaines of all former times have their dire deeds razed out of Fames black Booke as triviall accidents and neglected dreams,
that

that these may take up all the roome on Record for the most glorious Miscreants e're Rebell'd; but what strange fancy lurks within my braine, which makes me tax their waies with whom I act, whose deeds I doe applaud as meritorious, deserving honour, and the best repute? what vile sinister fate governs my life? I loath the ills I doe, yet hugge them next my heart. Pardon great *Fove* and my most gracious Prince, whose virtues doe deprive thee of a being; I must goe on, though *Orcus* yawne upon me, and *Demogorgon* (with his damned crew) dictates in person what I preach or write. *Cromwell* I come with a disguised face, with as reserv'd a cunning as that *Greek* that broughe in *Pallas's* Horse to halfe-raz'd *Troy*; thy craft I wil repell with double care, resting as jealous as I lay perdue behind a potent Foe; thy guilt is great, so mine and all of us; 'tis policy that must protect my life, and place me a degree above you all.

For he that will the Devils Master be,
Must have a mind, more mischievous then he.

Exit.

The end of the first Act.



ACT. II.

Enter *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborow*, in Armes, Drums beating, Colours flying, with Soldiers as before the Towne of *Colchester*.

Fairfax. **T**Hus having tam'd our Enemies in *Kent*, quieted *Cornwall*, and secured *Devonshire*; what now remaines, but with accustomed courage to take in this strong Town of *Colchester*: within whose Walls doe lodge divers of note, who are profess'd and open Enemies unto the State we serve.

Ireton. The fate was just, that with delusive hopes hath led them to a receptacle of ruine, from whence they cannot budge without our knowledge.

Rainsborow. They're taken in our Toyles, and must not scape with life; quickly let us draw out our Line, and raise our Batteries, girting the Towne with a close Siege, and let the Canons dreadfull voice proclaime to them their certaine ruine.

Fairfax. First let us Summon them to yeild on Termes; if they prove so Fool-hardy as to refuse, then let our Iron-balls in smoake and sulphur sing a sad *Requiem* in their fearfull eares, sound loud the Summons, that the Foe may heare & know we wish a Parlee. [*A Parlee sounded.*]

{ *Sir Charles Lucas*, *Sir George Lisle*, *Lord Capell*,
} *Lord Goring*, &c. appears as upon the Walls. }

Sir Charles. Who gives this hasty Summons?

Fairfax. Know Sir, the Generall & the Army rais'd for the preservation of the State of *England*, for to sup-

port and vindicate their Priviledges ; in their Names doth demand, that you yeild up your selves, and all are under your Command, together with this Towne, unto their use.

Sir Charles. Traytour to God, and to thy gracious Prince (for whom I hold this City) chosen thereto by the Effexianists ; know, I and these my loyall valiant Cohorts will hold this Towne while twenty doe survive, and rather then yeild up the Towne to you we'l blow our selves (with it) into the Ayre.

Sir George. Fairfax, thou and thy trayterous Associates shall find, this Towne harbours such Men as dare meet thee ingyrt with all thy Myrmidons, one to a hundred, and a hundred to a thousand ; Fortune hath favour'd thee I doe confesse (thou hast triumph'd thou bloody *Marius*, and shalt descend unto Hels shades like him) but that proves not the justnesse of thy cause :

For, by the same rule *Ottaman* may boast,
The partiall Deities favour him the most.

Rainsborow. By that God whom I serve thou Traytour *Liste*, I'le see thee hewne to pieces, and thy curst Body throwne unto the Dogs.

Sir George. Avaunt thou home-bred Mungrel, who art (in truth) meerly a valiant Voice, an hollow Cask in w^{ch} some rumbling wind delights to sport it selfe ; *Thersites* thus, durst menace *Agamemnon*, Know Fellow, I have been victorious even against a multitude, have trod the thorny path of cragged Warre, my Body naked and my Feet unshood, have view'd those horrors of a purple Field untroubled and untouch'd, which but to heare summ'd up, would fright thy Coward-foule from forth her dirty Dog-hole.

Rainsborow. Why spend we time in Dialogue with these

these Miscreants, these cautiffe Elves, who fight for Yoakes and Fetters, with as much zeale as half-starv'd Wretches beg a boone to sate their hungers, and wish profusely for to spend their blouds to please a Tyrants lust ?

Lord *Capell*. Away, Mechanick Slave, what sawcy Devill prompts thee so to prate, when to the meanest here thou ought'st to stoop with all obsequious duty ? thou sordid Groome, whom of a Skippers Boy, the Westminsterian Rebels made thee their Admiral, whom even the dullest Sea-man so despis'd, they scorn'd to hale an Anchor at thy bidding, and at last (tyr'd with thy loathed company) intending to have sowz'd thee in the deep (mov'd with thy trickling teares, and pitious plaints) set thee on shore to foot it backe to *Westminster* ; how dares thy perjur'd tongue to challenge us, serving our dread Lord, His sacred Majesty, Him whom all *Europe* wonders at, as the best of all the Christian Kings, who for his discreet valour Rivals *Scipio*, for prudence *Salomon*, for temperance without parallel, as are his sufferings, and griping griefs by you (base Traytours) each day heap'd upon Him, having immur'd His Royall Person up in a strong Den fit for untamed Lyons, banish'd His loyall and Imperiall Lady, and with Her the two eldest of His Issue, bereaved Him of His Navie and Revenue, and what e're truth called His ; know perjur'd Rebels, e're this Summer end, (perhaps e're *Sol* doth hunt the Nemean Lyon) we shall have strong relief, you a just punishment ; if not,

Our comfort is, though we be left i'th' lurch,

We Martyrs, fall, for God, the King, and Church.

Ireton. You'l not accept then of our profer'd Summons, or come to composition.

L. Goring. Compound ! confound we may (perhaps) some thousands of you.

Sir Charles. I am resolv'd ye Traytors, and so I know are these my honoured Friends, which is the sense of all within the Towne, to hold this place even to the utmost hazard ; nor are we destitute of much Provision, enough for to supply us many Months ; when that failes, we have Horses many hundreds, of Dogs and Cats even a multitude : *Zeno*, and *Chrisippus*, the two maine pillars of the Stoicks Sect, pronounce such meats as usefull to Mankind as the best Sheep or Neat : the antient Almaines held the self-same doctrine : We'l be their Imitators, and that you may know 'tis our resolution, forsake your station, e're we leave the Walls, or the hot breath that lightens from an angry Canons throat, shall trie to waft you thence, away, away, we'l meet you in plaine Field :

Thou true *Jehovah*, now owne thine owne Cause,
Thou know'st we fight for thee, our King, & Lawes.

Fair. Draw up our Troups, we'l make these Boasters feel
The potent rigour of our strong-edg'd steel.

[Alarum, excursions, a shout within, and crying,
Open the Gates, On, on, on.

[Fairfax cum suis
Exit.

{ Enter *Sr C. Lucas*, *Sr G. Lisle*, & *Ld Capel*, their
Party : At the other dore, *Fairfax*, *Ireton*,
Rainsborow, with their Party, they charge three
to three, while the Souldiers on both sides in-
counter, the *Roundheads* are beaten off, a Re-
treat sounded. }

Sir Charles. The Power superior to the God of War
hath grac'd our first attempt with victory ; the Rebels
(with exceeding losse) are fled, whom the most valiant
Capel

Capel hath in pursuit ; see how they scut over the neighbouring Plains like flocks of Sheep before an hungry Lyon ; so for the future, let Almighty *Jove* infatuate their proud hearts with panick feare who strike at him himselfe in his Vicegerent :

Kings are Earths Gods, and those that menace them
(Were't in their power) would share His Diadem.

Alas deluded self-destroying Men !
whose erring Soules by this winged *Hermes*, hath usher'd unto the depth

*He speaks this looking upon
some Roundheads lying
dead on the ground.*

of *Barathrum*, in blew flames, for evermore to howle,
cursing your selves for your impieties ! Oh erring Vulgar ! oh besotted People, that take such paines to become miserable, who (with the Phrygian Fabulators Dog) catch at vaine shadowes, and lose the substance ! So the Athenians courted thirty Tyrants to be the Partie that should gall their heart-strings ; and the fond Syracusians laboured sore to have the *Dionisi* be their Consuls : Was ever any Nation blest'd with so good a Prince (as CHARLES our King) that so opprobriously deserted Him ? succeeding Ages cannot chuse but say,

Nations have suffer'd 'cause their Kings were ill,

But Britains CHARLES, His Peoples finnes did kill.

But let it hap as God shall appoint, if it be written in the Booke of Fate the Rebels shall dissolve the English Monarchy, with the life-bloud of their most gracious Prince, yet let us hinder that dire ominous day, (while we have being) with our utmost might, and e're we fall and be commixt with new and stranger earth, by hard atchievements and heroick acts (perform'd for *Charles*, and for our Countries sake) let us provide us fame when we are dead, that the next Age, when they shall read the Story of this unnaturall, uncivill Warre, and amongst

a crowd of Warriours find our Names filed with those that durst passe through all horrors by death and vengeance for their KING and Sovereigne :

They may sing Peans to our valiant Acts,
And yeild us a kind *plaudit* for our facts.

Sir *George*. If we defend this Towne against the Rebels furie but one Month longer, the Hamiltonian Duke (who now hath passed *Tweed* with a numerous Army, full Twenty thousand Scots, Ten thousand English commanded by the truly-valiant and invincible Knight, renowned *Langdale*, we shall have honourable and sure reliefe; meane time by frequent Sallies we'l indeavour to breake in pieces *Fairfax* his guilty Forces; the Prince of *Wales* is now upon the *Downes*, and with Him most part of the Royall Navie; the Londoners speake high against the Junto, and every day are fear'd to rise against them; the loyall Welch continue strong in Armes, and eke in every Angle of the Land the People wish for action; the face of things at present promise fairly :

But should all faile (by force of Destinie)

Our comfort is, we (when we list) can die.

Sir *Charles*. I heed not *Hamilton* or his Resolves, knowing him to be ambitious, treacherous, a *Proteus* that can shift into all shapes, a flie insinuating Sicophant, who by his most falacious machinations hath been the ruine of the KING and us; 'twas he that instigated first the KING to raise a Warre against the Covenanters, (yet underhand incired them against Him) 'twas he that gave His Majesty advice to go in Person to the Senate-house, there to demand the five seditious Members (yet secretly sent them word of His intentions) 'twas he (how e're he seemed in show averse) that when His Majesty scap'd to the Scots, when *Fairfax* wholly had subdued

His

His Forces, procured the damned *sallery* of his Master, for Twenty thousand pounds ; and, I much feare, 'tis he, and onely he, that will betray the Army he now leads, (knowst thou not *George*) he ever did aspire to be the *King of Scots*.

'Tis he that hath made *England* all on flame,
 Blasted its beauty, burnt its goodly frame ;
 And the *Armilla*, which his zeale doth twist
 Is to be *Cataline*, yet a Calvinist.

Sir George. Let him be damn'd and sinke to Hell with all his Sinnes about him, let us doe our parts, and leave the rest to Heaven (Faith *Sir Charles*) since we have beat the Foe, while swarthy *Tom* flies with his timerous Troups, here let us frolick one halfe houre, *Mars* and *Thalia* sometimes doe accord, onely a Health or two unto our Royall Master.

Sir Charles. *George*, I am easily led by thy advice, although it suite not with our present state to play at Barly-breake in a *Golgotha*, or drinke downe sorrow 'mongst a heap of Trunks as livelesse as those Clods they lie upon ; I prithee doe thy pleasure : but, say that *Ireton* (who stands facing us) should in the midst of our intended mirth come up and turne our triumph into purple teares, and in our Goblets mix our sanguine gore.

Sir George. Why ? 'twill be rare, I'de wish no other sport ; we Lapethites should soon repell those Centaures, the scuffle (sure) would be as strange and famous as that wherein all *Ixion's* Horse hoof'd race, were sent to Hell (swift *Nessus* onely scaping) who was reserv'd for a more dreadfull Fate, they shal have nought to boast of (come they here) but Iron in their Fesh, and Gun-powder in their Noses.

Sir Charles. Be it as thou dost wish, I'le strive to be

as mery as *Democritus*, and laugh at warre and damages.

Sir *George*. You highly honour us (most noble Governour) My fellow Soldiers, have all [Speaking to the Soldiers. your Armes in readinesse as you were now to Charge the surly Foe, we will not jest away our lives, or give the Roundheads cause to boast a triumph in their Cathedralized Conventicles; two of you fetch [Sends two Soldiers. that Runlet of old Sherrie that's placed behind the dore of the Towne Hall, bring also store of Pots, for we shall use 'em here (as the Trojans, when by *Atreus* Sons they were beleaguer'd close for *Hellens* rape, *Hector*, *Sarpedon*, *Troyolus*, and old *Priam*, beneath faire *Illion's* Walls (gyrt in bright Armes) fate banqueting before the black-hayr'd Greeks, we'l sit securely and pledge full-crown'd Cups, (perhaps) 'twill mad the Rebels:

Which if I know, I shall grow fat with laughter,
And I will use to drinke them downe hereafter.

Sir *Charles*. The same good-fellow (*George*) thou ever wert; see how the Rebels grin and gape upon us.

Sir *George*. They should participate of our flowing Cups would they take but the paines to come amongst us, such as the Roman *Cateline* did provide for those he had drawne in to his Confederacy, Wine mixt with bloud (an horrid Sacacrament) by which they swore to level *Romes* proud battlements, [The Soldiers retorne with the Wine. So, set it downe (my Friends) and quickly pierce it, and then draw out with as inlarg'd a mind as Princes give Gratuities — 'tis rich and lusty liquor, such as would make *Heraclitus* to laugh, and dull *Diogenes* daunce, even in his Tub; Here noble Governour, this Bowle brimfull unto the happinesse of Him whom fame of all the European Kings doth call the best.

Sir *Charles*. With as much willingnesse as one half-spent

spent with a contagious Feaver, receives a Dose he hopes may bring him health, will I solemnize it upon my knees.

All kneele, they drinke the Health round while the Chambers are shot, and Trum-pets perpetually sound.

Sir George. So, this was well perform'd, about again with't.

Sir Charles. Once more receive it Soldiers, and that done, let us retire unto our Garrison, believe me (*George*) we play with lightning too securely; you know I dare as much, as him dares most, but dare not to be too confidently rash.

Sir George. By heaven (*Sir Charles*) we will not part so tamely; we'l have one Catch e're we forsake this ground, if you please but to ayde me with your voyce, (for't must be sung in parts) You (*Soldiers*) all joyne voices in the close, what saith *Sir Charles*?

Sir Charles. You may command my suffrage (*worthy Lisle*) I know the Song you fancie; begin——

S O N G.

Sir George. *Plump cheek'd Bacchus, we to thee
Will yeild all honour, as befits,
For sure thou art a Deity
That canst refine the dullest wits,
The liquour of thy Vine
Is pretious and divine,
It makes even Cowards fight.*

Sir Charles. *It prompts our tongues to talke,
Though not our feet to walke,
And dictates what to write.*

Omnes. *Drinke then (*Boyes*) and drown all sorrow,
Who knows if we shall drink to morrow?*

D

Sir George.

Sir George. *Even in the midst of danger
When safetie is a stranger
And no hope of reliefe,
Take a bowle full of Canary,
We of our woes grow weary,
And crie a figge for grieffe.*

Sir Charles. *Drinke each a hearty draught
Till by the braines y'are caught,
'Twill quite expell all humours ;
Crie, God preserve the King,
And shield him with his wing ;
And a — for the Roundheads rumors.*

Omnes. *Drinke, &c.*

Sir George. Judge you Gentlemen, is not this better than to be alwaies moyling in Sand and Salt-peter, continually imployed in raising Rampires, throwing up Sconces, and inventing Stratagems, to foile that Foe who feares to looke upon us? hath not this added to your former vigour? we must not alwaies fight, lest we become all but one wound; nor ever tipple, lest the Circean liquor do metamorphose us into swinish shapes: he that's a true Soldier

Will undertake all horrors, for his chinke ;
And no lesse venture, for a Wench and drinke.

Sir Charles. This doctrine (my friend *Lisle*) is dangerous, yet too much preach'd and practis'd in all Armies; Souldiers doe dim their glory, and detract from their owne worth that love to drinke and drab; he onely may be term'd truly valiant that can repulse and vanquish his own passions; but this Dish I perceive (my Soldiers) is too much stuff'd with Sage, for you to palliate--- I wonder Noble *Capel* stayes so long, I feare he hath in-
gag'd

gag'd himfelfe too farre after the flying Foe ; he knowes not which way back for to retreat.

Sir George. He's an experienc'd Souldier, and fo in-ur'd unto the feverall Stratagems of warre, that 'twere a finne *Mars* would feverely plague, but for to doubt his fortune.

Sir Charles. I would not be too confident, or too carelefse, Heavens bring him off with fafety, and with honour—— let's now re-enter our invincible Fort, and there confult for fafety ; we must expect the Rebels will once more make their approaches to our Walls (perhaps) with new Supplies ; we will prepare a Tempeft 'gainft they Storme.

But if great *Jove* remember whose we are,
His ponderous thunder will their Onset marre.

Exit.

The end of the second Act.



A C T. III.

Enter Cromwell, solus.

Cromwell. **T**Hus farre my policies run smooth and currant, deep Rivers glide as silent as the night when shallow Brooks fall with a troubled noise ; wherefore was Man created like the Gods, but that like them he should dispose his acts to the great dread of some, envie of others, easily deluded the King

my Master, I have led on with hopes of re-establiſhment ſo long, that now He doubts my feign'd reallity; and a ſtrong Partie in the Junto ſit; who without me, are now in Treatie with Him, but I ſhall breake the necke of their Deſigne (perhaps) before they thinke it, the ſeverall Commanders of the Army are now all of my Faction, while *Fairfax* (ſilly Foole) ſits like a Statue, as if he nothing knew, or nothing durſt, I have propoſed unto the ſeverall Officers to forſake the King, and yeild Him up (as one not fit to live) unto the block; I have informed them, (and it takes exceedingly, ſo forward are the Fooles to worke my ends and their owne certaine ruine) that the King is a Man of bloud, by no meanes to be truſted, being of a rigid and implacable Spirit, hating (even to the death) all have oppoſed Him, and that ſhould He regaine his former Power, He quickly would make uſe on't to their ruine, that therefore they ſhould make a retreat in time, nor yeild their necks unto a Tyrants mercy, that they having declar'd ſo highly for Him, might the more eaſily (by farre) entrap Him; nor was it a discredit ſo to doe, ſince in all Ages ſuch a politick courſe hath been thought juſt and ſafe: they (ſnared with my words) reſolve to doe ſo, for to remove the King by violent death, and to ſet up a Military Power; now my plots worke, the Stage growes great with horror, the Engliſh Monarchy growes ſick to death, its very Baſis hath an Ague-fit, which wil not ceaſe to ſhake it; till it be Levell'd to the humble earth.

Mount, mount my thoughts, unite like ſcatter'd ſprings,
'Tis a ſtrong Torrent that muſt beare downe Kings.

Here I appointed my deare Buffone *Peters*, and Coll. *Boswill*, *Pride*, and my whole Army to meet about this houre---

Enter Peters, Boswill, Pride, with Soldiers.

See,

See, they come ; Welcome deare Friends, you have observ'd your time : My *Hugh*, how thrives our Counsell in the Army that our great Generall the Lord *Fairfax* guides ? I am sure these gallant Soules serve under me are all unanimous to shake off Kings, and while the Iron's hot to strike that blow which shall for ever free the English Nation from Tyrants, and their awfull power.

Peters. Heroick Sir, they all (even as one Man) applaud even to the skies your rare projection, both Officers and Souldiers covetous for to accomplish what's by you propos'd, and as a signall of their Resolutions, see here, the more part of a queint *Remonstrance*, which must by us be brought unto a period, wherein we will divulge unto the world, the reasons and grounds of our intents.

Cromwell. As I would wish, never till now could *England* hope a happinesse ; why, how now *Boswill*, why art thou so sad ? the noble *Pride* stands—— like a man astonish'd, or like a marble Statue whose aged feet are wrapt in wither'd mosse, what's the matter ?

Pride. Nothing (deare Sir) but an excessive joy which hath surpriz'd my faculties, and craz'd upon the organs of my speech, my mind is busied 'bout the Kingdome's fate, my Soule in a deep conference with my sense about mature affaires.

Boswill. The constitution of my Soule agrees with thine in each degree of temper, (most honoured *Cromwell*) from our late-sworne Principles I'll not recede though Heaven rain'd down fire upon me, though Earth yawn'd wide, and Hell gorg'd balls of Sulphure, the King (that Man of bloud) shall lose His Head, and all His prime Adherents wait on Him unto the other world ; the People we will Rule by the Sword's power, their

lives and goods, (by Conquest) we have gain'd, our
 sway must be maintain'd by Strength, not Law.

The Sword that cut a passage to our Sphere
 'Tis that alone must secure us there.

Cromwell. Oh let me put thee in my bosome (*Boswill*)
 henceforth let us converse more ncerly, and like the Zo-
 diacks *Gemini* mix our loves, we'l be a second *Pylades*
 and *Orestes*, and never part till death (my *Hugh*) let's
 hear some part of that *Remonstrance*, 'twill highly spurre
 us on to action.

Peters. You shall, the most material Clauses (Sir) are
 these, which take with this *exordium* I penn'd late yester-
 night :

[He Reads.

*Absolute power of necessity must subsist and keep above
 water, though all else be assur'd of drowning, to the losse of
 all (or at least many) branches of universall Freedome, and
 therefore the Fox did not conclude amisse when he saw his
 fellowes steps march towards the Lyons Den, Nos vesti-
 gia terrent, if we enter into a strict scrutinie, we shall find
 that our choice and our nature gave us Kings, the dignity
 conferr'd upon a single Man, was (sure) intended for the
 good of all, but where one drawes from all, can that be plea-
 sing or fortunate? or to leave this one, can that be injury?
 and therefore in order thereto we declare, That we will call
 King C H A R L E S to an account as the prime Promoter,
 Abettor, and sole Occasioner of all the murthers, and out-
 rages, committed this many yeares, during the Warre, and
 bring Him to a Tryall for His life; That with Him we will
 bring to judgement all those of His Partie, who (in order
 to His Arbitrary Commands) have murthered, spoyled, and
 impoverish'd the Free-borne People of England*_____

Crom. Hold, I have heard enough, why this is done
 to purpose, and shewes all gallantry did not die with

Brutus

Brutus and his Confederate Consulls ; now Lawrell wreathes commixt with Myrtle branches shall deck our fortunate brows as the true Patriots of our native Countrey, (*We'l give the whole world cause for to remember us*) aside the ensuing Ages when they read our Acts shall blesse our memory with devout respect, but flying *Phæbus* now hath left our Hemisphere, black night hath now put on her ebbon robe and wrapt the Welkin in a sable shrowd, we must away now towards the frozen North, (my fellow Souldiers) we must direct our march to jerke the Scots back to their Sedgie Cottages ; malevolent *Saturne*, oh be thou propitious, prosper thy Agent in his deeds of death,

Which are so grim and horrid, full of ire,
Some will suspect, the Devill, was my Sire.

Exeunt omnes.

{ Enter *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborow*, cum }
{ *alii*, as in a Tent, a Table, and Tapers. }

Fairfax. How goes the night ?

Ireton. About the howre of twelve.

Fairfax. Now then, while all the worl'ds involv'd in silence, and man and beast takes their repose and rest, let us determine 'bout these captive Heroes, who, with this Towne of *Colchester* to morrow must yeild themselves unto our mercy.

Rainsborow. Renowned Generall, under whose conduct we have been fortunate and victorious, I need not now recite, since you well know what vast expence of bloud, of toyle, and treasure, we have been at since we besieg'd this Towne, the third part of our Army quite consum'd by the immured Enemies frequent Sallies, by our unfruitfull Onsets, and hard Duty, and how mercy-
lesse

lesse they have shewn themselves to those (of ours) whom Fortune gave them Prisoners; all which considered; I doe give my vote (and justice speaks the same) that *Capel*, *Goring*, *Lucas*, and stout *Lisle*; die without mercy; even that very day which we receive the Towne.

Ireton. Which is to morrow.

Fairfax. The Law of Armes will not allow of that, they yeild themselves on Quarter, and for the Peers (I meane *Goring* and *Capel*) our power doth not extend to question them, they must be order'd as our States decree: the auncient onely Captaines of the world, *Hannibal*, *Scipio*, and *Themistocles*, esteem'd it farre more glorious, having conquer'd their proud Antagonists, to preserve their lives (given them as their boone) then to inflict an ugly censure on them: I love an Enemy that is truely valiant, these have exceeded story in their Acts,

And have repell'd a Siege, such as *Breda*

Never beheld, nor famous *Ravena*.

Raisborow. Then let them live to be a terror to us, and once more to ingage the Land in broyles, (know Sir) we are not safe whilst these subsist; and should your clement mind so sway your sense, as not to take their lives, who have sought ours, we shall have cause to disesteem your Person and your Power, as him, whose easie nature and soft temper is incompatible with our persons safety, our honour and repute:

Since, if by you, mercy to them is showne

You seek our ruine, and project your owne.

Fairfax. Ha.

Ireton. Though in a rough unpollish'd phrase (he utters truth) most noble General, let not his seeming rudenesse raise your anger, since time hath taught you he is truly faithfull, no lesse magnanimous in active war; Sir, it

concernes

concernes you neerly not to permit your innate love to valour, so graile the wings of just deserved fury, you must not tollerate these men to escape with life :

For 'twill be thought if you remisly doe,
You love their actions, and applaud them too.

Fairfax. You then are Generals of the Hoste, not I ; but be it as you councell, share you betwixt the brave Spirits of Two that (if *Pithagoras* transmigration were) would make a *Thersetes*, or *Thraso* valiant, (*Rainsborow*) see them shot to death as Souldiers destin'd by fortune to a noble end ; some two houres hence I shall expect to heare you say, they are dead.

My Soule (I feele) is wondrously perplext,
Who knowes but mine or your turne may be next?

Exit.

Rainsborow. He's much distemper'd, sure they have bought his mercy ; how stoutly did he argue to preserve them, with what reluctancy, denounce their doome.

Ireton. An ardent love to worth and honour moves him (without all doubt) to pittie their sad fate, for though mountaines may meet, and generate e're they, and we, enter firme union, yet we must needs acknowledge they are Men of most approved valour ; but see the cheerfull Lady of the light appeares i'the Horizon deck'd in her saffron robe, having forsook old *Tithons* chill imbraces, she summons every young and sprightly *Sol* to wrap her in his odoriferous bosome——harke, they [*A shout within.* shout ; What may this portend ?

[*Enter a Souldier.*]

What newes doth thy tongue labour with ?

Sould. The Towne of *Colchester* is just now surrendered unto the Generals hands, the Governour *Sr Charles Lucas*, his lov'd associate *Sir George Lisle*, with the *L. Ca-*

pel, old *Goring*, and a number more of Gentlemen are cried up as Prisoners.

Rainsborow. Be it thy charge forthwith to certifie *Lucas* and *Liste*, that they prepare themselves two howers hence to travaile toward the Empire of the Skies, or to the shades of *Dis*, I meane, *to die*.

Sould. I shall, Sir.

Exit.

Rainsborow. Come Commissary, let's goe view the Towne to cheare our Friends, and doome our scornfull Foes :

It glads my Soule, and is the onely good
That I delight in, for to spill their bloud.

Exeunt ambo.

[Enter *Sr. Ch: Lucas*, & *Sr. George Liste*, as in Prison.]

Sir Charles. The iron hand of *Fove* lies heavy on us, (oh *George*) the proud Rebellious crew prevaile, Loyalty sinks with plumets at his heeles, while curst Rebellion rides on the Sun beams, justles *Fove* from his seat, and fathomes Clouds.

Sir George. They may thanke that invincible Champion, Hunger, had not he help'd, the Towne had yet been ours, the wofull cries of Women, and of Children imploring Bread to staunch their pining stomacks, their guts almost congeal'd to stone within them, their faces black with famine, stalking the streets like (magicke summon'd) Ghosts, together with our owne dire need, inforc'd us to surrender to those Rebels, but *Foves* dread vengeance (sure) will seize on them that mought (but would not) have prevented this; degenerate *London*, who hast shaken hands with thine Allegiance, thy aspiring Fabricks ere long must lie—— What speaks thy haste ?

[Enter a Souldier.]

Soul.

Soul. From the Commanders, Col. *Rainsborow*, and
Cōmissary *Ireton*, I have in trust to let you know, some
minutes hence you are to die. *Exit.*

Sr Charls. Oh perjur'd Miscreants ! is this your *mercy*?
this my prophetick Soule still whisper'd to me ; I knew
they in our blouds would bathe their guilt, and sacrifice
our lives to their God Treason, these Victims besit *Mo-*
lech, not *Messiah*, whom these professed Saints, but
reall Devils, seem to make the umpire of their deeds.

Angry *Rhamnusia*, though we fall to dust,
Punish these Traytors, for their acts unjust.

Sir George. Then 'tis decreed, we must take leave of
day light, and tread the paths of immortality.

Jove, art thou just, hast thou reward for those
Who unto pious acts their lives dispose ?
And hast thou lost thy vengeance, can it be
That these aspiring *Titans*, scape Scot-free ?
Where are thy dire Cyclopean balles, the same
That mudling *Mulciber*, doth in *Lemnos* frame ?
'Tis thy Olympick vigour can alone
Ding downe these Rebels unto *Phlegeton*.

[*Enter three Souldiers armed.*]

Ha, what are you ?

Souldiers. Your Executioners.

Sir Charles. You are our welcomest friends ; who is
allotted to make his *exit* first ?

I. Sould. Your selfe must lead the dance of death.

Sir Charles. Here then I bid farewell, unto this Stage
of misery, my life hath been but one continued Scene,
woven with perturbations and anxieties——
but stay, whither must now my fleeting Soul take wing?
into you Starry mansion, or steep *Tartarus*, up to the
Milkie way, she'l take her flight

Where Soules of Heroes doe enjoy their blisse,
Where all Celestiall comforts, meet, and kisse;
Mankinds Redeemer, oh *Emanuel!*

Who in Mans shape on Earth were pleas'd to dwell,
Receive my better part—— are you prepar'd——

Souldiers. We are.

Sir Charles. Charge me then home, I love to chew
those Winter-plums, they are those Cordiall comfits I
accept, as sick men do great *Gallens* Antidotes; methinks
the Earth goes round *Copernicus*: thou didst relate a
truth, that *Tellus* ever hath an Ague fit; *Sol* wrap thy
glorious head within a Cloud, or if thou needs wilt view
my Destinie, put on a maske of bloud, Death is but *Somnus*
Harbinger, we visit his all-peacefull Monarchy, e're
we arive at Heavens golden gates, where such as knock
with a religious hand, doe never misse of entrance; Let
me imbrace thee (*George*) e're I part hence, [*They imbrace.*
Thou wilt not long survive me—— Shoot, shoot.

Incomparable *Strafford* (see) I come

To wait on thee in blest *Elizium.*

[*They shoot.*

So, you have done it bravely, you are good Marks-men,
I applaud you for't even in Death—— so many pas-
sages are allow'd my Soule, she knowes not which to
issue out at, this fabricke of my flesh now 'gins to totter,
like to some City (for it's Peoples finnes) rock'd by the
humerous winds; what a fierce combate is there now
maintain'd betwixt my wounded heart & mighty *Mors*,
who grasps it 'twixt his hands, squeezing it like a sponge;
so furious *Boreas* smites the solid Oakes that on Mount
Pelion grow, making them nod like unto feeble Reeds,
(*George*) thy hand, my twins of light, have lost their
wonted property, Death with his icie-fingers seals them
up: Farewell, great CHARLES, I die thy loyall Ser-
vant.

vant. *George*, we shal meet some minutes hence (I doubt not) in a place where all joyes injoy one center; the worlds great Architecresse never saw two of her Sonnes murther'd so barbarously after faire Quarter promised:

Therefore great *Jove*, if thou lov'st loyall breath,
Take vengeance on the Authors of my death.

Sir George. There crack'd the cords of life, [*He dies.*
Oh noble *Lucas*! let me breathe out my Soule, [*Kisses him.*
upon thy azure lips: so brave a compleat man no Monsters (these excepted) would have butcher'd; my turne is next, is it not?

Souldiers. It is.

Sir George. Nor would I purchase life with one In-treaty, this object so inflames me I am growne weary of this fleshly weed, and faine would put it off, exchanging it for an immortall robe, inveloped with Carbuncles, and Saphires—— I, but to have our lives bereft by a sharp violent death to sleep in a thin shrowd, involv'd in feign'd earth, our Nerves and Arteries shrunke up like sing'd Lute-strings, or the wither'd Wreath of some fam'd Heroe, made away i'th' darke for to converse with Wormes, and half-form'd creatures, such as the slime of Seven-headed *Nile* produceth by the aide of *Phæbus* beames: Oh! there's a contemplation that would stagger the most resolved Spirit, but destiny must be obey'd, Death is still death though diversly inflicted: to have ones Throat fluc'd with a golden Knife, or to be thrust through with a silver Sword, mitigates not the wound, more than the sufferance. But, oh ye vengefull Furies of darke Hell! ye three-fell Sisters of steep *Erebus*, awfull *Anyo*, all ye dreaded Hags ominous to mortalls, forsake your black Cimerian Cells, and with your steely Whips ascend the Earth, Lash, lash these Traytours to

despaire and obloquie ; Let strife, contention, fraud, guile and deep horror seize on great CHARLES his Foës, severing their strength, and frustrating their hopes till they sinke lower, underneath their Treasons, then plumets cast into the *Baltick* Sea : Now doe your office, [*They shoot.* I am prepar'd ; Oh ! you have put Balls of wild-fire in my Bowels, I am but all one *Aetna* ; Farewell, base gloomie world, in which deluded Man, ravish'd with toyes, hunts after bubbles ; till them he breake and vanisheth as he had never been, I sinke beneath the burthen of my owne weight, would with my fall, the Machinie of the world might be unriveted and shooke to pieces, the Ayre, cōmixt with Earth, the humid with the tumid Element, and active fire contesting 'gainst them both, reducing all to the Originall Chaos ; but I contend in vaine, the Gods created Man but for their sport, and its fit I should fulfill their ends, wishing but not prevailing ; I spie the pure immaculate Soule of *Lucas*, travailing through the Ayre to find a residence : Stay gentle Spirit, company is good, when tedious journies are prescribed, we'l both fix in one Sphere, when looking downe, we will behold and smile,

To see these seeming Saints, but reall Friends

Fall by their devilishly devised ends. [*He dies.*

1. *Souldier.* The Traytors both are dead.

2. *Souldier.* Traytors, those are Traytors, whose most rigorous doome, we have obey'd, in murtherring these brave Men.

3. *Souldier.* How's this ? let's seize upon him.

1. *Souldier.* Doe, and make hast to most assur'd damnation.

2. *Souldier.* I am no longer of your base societie ; Heaven pardon what is past, my future deeds shall

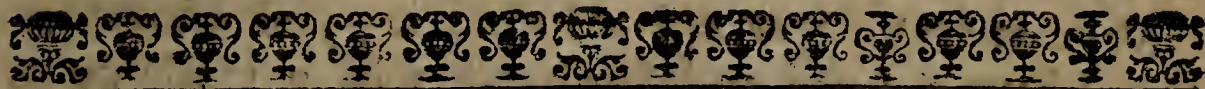
shall amply expiate my former crimes, the bloud of noble *Lucas* and brave *Lisle*,

On *Rainsborow's* base head, I will requite,

And send his Soule unto eternall night. *Exit.*

I. *Souldier.* Let us remove the Bodies, and make after him. *[Exeunt, bearing the Bodies.]*

The end of the third Act.



ACT. IV.

[Enter Peters with Mrs Lambert.]

Pet. **T**His he impos'd as a command, it hath not been my practice to solícite in causes of this kind for other men.

Mrs. Lambert. Too soon you have made triall of your skill; doth your grave habit suite with such course imployment, reverend Sir?

Peters. Faith Mistresse, amongst Friends, the outward garbe ought not to cause a nicety; He is my honoured Patron, tooke me halfe frozen from the foodfull Earth, and warm'd me in his bosome; and 'twere a dull ingratitude in me not to reward his bounty with my service: the radiant lustre of your Star-like eyes makes him to bow as your obsequious Vassall, whom thousands count it honour to obey; so great an influence hath your excellent beauty upon his manly faculties: He's now return'd, deck'd with triumphant Wreaths, from chasing the Blew Bonnets to their Mountaines, having taught
that

that stubborn People, his Name can make the Genius of their Country tremble, the politick *Hamilton* is his Prisoner, all knees bow to him, as Great *Cæsars* Rivall; nothing doth want for to compleat his Conquest, but your assent to love him.

Mrs. Lambert. Why so I doe, and all Men else that doe retaine his temper.

Peters. Your love admits of a too vast extent, I mean, can you affect him so, as to admit him to your Bed?

Mrs Lambert. *St Winifrid* forbid it; you know (Sir) that I have a Lord and Husband, a Man made up of magnanimity, whose love is mixt with an indulgent care, should he but doubt of such an Injury, your Master, I my selfe, and all by him suspected, had better enter a Phalarian Bull, or stand the thunders shock—— alas! I dare not.

Peters. These are but Womanish feares, incident unto all your Sex; come, you must yeild to love him, how should your Husband know of your day Banquets, your nightly Revels, and sweet Paphian sports? he's now in *Lancashire*, Disbanding Troups of Horse: or should some wayward Feind convey the knowledge of your stolne Imbraces unto his jealous eare, my Masters greatnesse countermands his furie, circled within his armes, should heaven, earth, and hell conspire to wrong you, 'twere sinne to doubt a danger: Consider (Lady) what a potent Friend, what treasure, honour, and content you'l gaine (if mundane glories doe affect you) by yeilding love for love to him, whom other Dames of highest bloud and fortune would sue for such a favour.

Mr^s Lambert. Although my inward thoughts doe tax my levitie, yet won with your most sugred eloquence; I here yeild all of mine, *Lambert* calls his, unto your Masters bosome.

Crom. I accept it (Lady) nor shall my most delicious *Parragon* ever have cause for to repent her favour, my selfe, my Sword, all under my Command, the spoiles of Nations, all that Earth can boast, shall at thy becke be prov'd for to be summon'd (Popea-like) bathe thou thy delicate body in Asses milke, commixt with Almond flower, (with *Cleopatra*) dissolve inestimable precious Stones in every glasse of luscious Wine thou drink'st, tread thou on Tyrian Silks and Ermins skins, let Art and Nature both industriously conspire to sate thy lavish wishes, my Treasurie is inexhaustible; Three Kingdomes (Deare) I graspe thus—— in this palme, their Riches and their glories all are mine, the Goddess of the world my Patroness *Fortune* hath given all into my hands; as for the Man (they call the KING) He hath not foure and twenty howers to live, I've hyr'd a dapper Lad, a neat-tongu'd (but inexorable Fellow) for fifteene hundred pounds, to ease Him of the burthen of His cares, (good King, he's fitter farre for to converse with Saints and Seraphims, than with erronious and ambitious Mortalls, and 'twere a sinne (a grand one) for to deterre the hopes Celestialls have for to enjoy His presence) my *Bradshaws* braines doe brood, and hath discover'd a line of Law that never yet was talkt on, which saith, If Kings doe not obey their Subjects, they may chastise them with Imprisonment, Banishment, or Death; with him a Crew (whom I have eke in pay) doe sit as Judges to make good this Maxime: my *Bradshaw* is growne proud of his great Office, I've Order'd him for to be cloathed in Purple, all Heads for to stand bare on every shoulder when the Lord President (for so I have created him) shall be in presence, his Co-adjutors all

have honour too ; and when assembled, have no worse a title then the *High Court of Justice* : these all are sworne for to fulfill my ends, and Doome their KING to die ; which once perform'd, then I am Lord alone, though not a King by Title, yet by Power, and thou (my Dearest) shalt share glories with me, thy lovely browes deckt with a Coronet of Ophir Gold, inchas'd with Onix Stones ; nor doe thou dread thy Husbands anger, his open violence, or his clandestine plots, he is my Vassell meerly at my pleasure ; and if I heare he but repines at our Imbraces, I'le spurne his Soule out with my foot. (My *Hugh*) this businesse was well manag'd, thou art a fluent Orator, when *Cypryan Venus*, and her wing'd Sonne, waits at thy elbow, this service hath oblig'd me more unto thee then all thy former industries.

Peters. I am your humblest Creature.

Cromwell. But why (my dearest Mistresse) is that face of yours (which even the Gods gaze at with greedy longing) obscur'd with sullen mists ? what sorrow claimes a superiority o're your harmonious senses ? oh let not care plow furrowes in that forehead ! is (now) more smooth than polish'd Ivory, or the true Turtles feather ; give but your grief a name, and if it lie in humane power to ease you, resolve, a speedy and a pleasing remedy hafts to your comfort.

Mrs Lambert. Sir, can you thinke my heart is so obdurate ? or that I can so soone be lost unto a feminine temper, as not to cogitate with what hasty rashnesse I have extinguisht *Hymens* Tapers, which (some howers since) rivald *Sols* beames in lustre, with what a forward zeale I have infring'd my Marriage Vow, and given away that which is none of mine ? oh Heaven !

Peters. 'sfoot Sir, she's falne into a relapse ; kisse her
Sir

Sir, (quickly) or shee'l coole so fast, and her heart freeze into so hard a lumpe, not all your future Courtship or activity, shall be of force to melt her to your wishes.

Crom. How stupid am I in these amorous Arts deare Mistresse ! let not penitentiall fancies (the spurious issues of dull Melancholly) gaine the least power over your faculties : what can you feare, while I dare be your friend? think on the glories that I late proposed ; all which shall be made yours, with eminent safety.

Mrs Lambert. I shall endeavour, Sir, to beare my selfe as her that loves and honours you.

Cromwell. Now thou sing'st sweetly, in a farre more melifluous tone than Quires of *Nightingals*, and that this temper never may forsake thee, our time we'l spend in various delights, such as *Caligula*, were he againe on earth would covet to enjoy ; enter ye six prime Westminsterian Senators :

Musick, strike hie, our Spirits to advance,
While we doe mingle in an active Dance.

[Enter six Masquers, habited for ambition, treason, lust, revenge, perjury, sacriledge, musick; they daunce with them, joyne *Cromwell* and *Mistresse Lambert*, *Peters* singing out last, they daunce together by themselves.]

S O N G.

*Let these joyes ever be in prime,
Nought but virtue is a crime ;
Maugre the wise,
Meane men must rise,
Every Olympiad of time.*

Taste then boldly, terrene pleasures,
 Yours is the Earth, and all its Treasures;
 Rifle, Plander,
 And keep all under,
 Let Murmurers waite your leifures.

Exeunt Masquers.

Cromwell. This was perform'd as I would wish, now
 Sweet let's in for to compleat our happinesse, and taste
 those joyes which *Jove* himselfe will envie, knowing
Agenors Daughter, or *Calisto*, *Inachian Io*, or his blasted
Semele, were not indu'd with beauty so immense as thee
 (my dearest happinesse)

Set on unto the Chamber of delight,

Doe not dream (*Lambert*) thou art horn'd to night.

Exeunt.

[Enter *Fairfax*, *Ireton*, *Rainsborow*. &c.]

Fair. I need not advertise you Col. *Rainsborow*, not
 to be implacably severe, against the refractory *Chom-*
ley; or when you are sate downe before that most im-
 pregnable *Pontefract-Castle* to storme more oft than
 faire advantages calls you to action: *Mars* go along
 with you, I am for *London* with my Prisoners.

Rainsf. My Lord, your humble Servant, victory and
 triumph ever waite upon you.

Ireton. Farewell noble Colonel.

Rainsf. Adieu, sweet Commissary,

} *Exeunt Fairfax*
 } and *Ireton*.

Alone, and in all haste to take my journey, to so remote
 an Angle of the Land, there to take charge of those I
 never saw, discard their Generall, and make my selfe
 their Leader, this is a strange injunction, but I must doe
 it:

[Enter his Servant]

Hast thou delivered what I gave in charge?

Servant. I have Sir; he will not faile punctually to
 performe

performe it, and sent you, the true and exact relation (as neer as he can gather) who were the prime Promoters (of your unlookt-for) Journey.

Rainsf. Let's to Horse, I'll ride twelve miles this night, they shall have no cause to blame my tardinesse, away.

Exeunt.

{ Enter *Blackburne* (being the Souldier that escaped from amongst the Fairfaxians, with an intent to kill *Rainsborow*, Act. 3.) with him, three Souldiers, their Pistols and Swords. }

Black. Hift, this way the Villaine posted, onely his Man and he together; I hope the divine justice will not suffer him, for to escape our hands: that way, that way,

Exeunt.

[Enter *Rainsborow* and his *Servant*.]

Rainsf. We have quite lost the beaten roade—— there let our Horses graze awhile; I feele strange thoughts fighting about my heart, either my guilty fancy did delude me, or I beheld the Ghosts of *Lucas* and of *Lisle*, all full of wounds staring just now upon me, there, there, dost thou see nothing?

Serv. Not I Sir; good Sir let us forsake this gloomie glade, it presents horror, and besides the night is neer halfe spent.

Rainsfb. A grim; but supine terror clogs my soule; *Morpheus* with's leaden Mace arrests my senses, I needs must sleep awhile.

[*Lies downe.*

[Enter *Blackburne*, and his Mates.]

Black. Kind Fates, I thank you; this is that cruell Tyger (my Fellowes) who contriv'd the much lamented deaths of generous *Lucas*, and the valiant *Lisle*.

Rainsf. Ha, who sent thee hither?

[*He rises up.*

Black. Thy finnes; I come to kill thee.

Rainsf. It is no easie taske that thou hast undertaken, I have an arme as vigorous as thine, a Pistoll that will lighten e're it thunders, a Sword too that ne'r yet forooke his Master in time of danger.

Black. If thou but call to mind thy damned Treasons, thy Charnell plots, and vile Conspiracies, thy murthers, rapines, and fell outrages, a Child of seven yeares old may quell thy force and lead thee captive in a string; if thou dar'st thinke thy numerous crimes have not barr'd up the dore of Heav'n 'gainst thee, pray be but speedy in thy orisons, I have no mind to kill thy Soule.

Rainsf. Saucie Slave, thinke on thy owne sad end; and either at my feet implore remission of thy rash attempt, or thou art dead.

Black. So brave, have at you Sir. } *They charge with their Pistols, Rainsborow's Man falls; also one of Blackburne's Confederates.*
Servant. This is honour beyond thought to fall, or to survive my Masters second.

Rainsf. Come on, Sir.

Black. Though thou hast scap'd my scalding lead, my cooler steele shall find a passage to thy heart. *[They fight.]*

Rainsf. Thou art not (sure) invulnerable, even *Thetis* Sonne was flaine by *Phrigian Paris*—— but, oh my guilt hangs heavie on my Arme! and impedes the violence of my blowes——there. *[They fight.]*

Black. Will you not sink, or have you many Souls that take their reigne by turnes? if it be so, I have so good a Cause I cannot shrink beneath the Trenchant blade, till by my single force, I have dismiss'd them all; there Dogge——

Rainsf. Injurious Destinies, have you enrich'd my fame with many victories over whole Troups of men, for to permit my fall in the Catastrophe, by a most despicable Knap-

Knapfack-bearer, why carves my flesh as Butchers doe
 their meat, and bores me till I grow transparent——
 Oh ! my bloud drills like to some prodigall spout which
 Huswifes set a tilt to cleanse their linnen—— but, shall
 I fall without revenge—— [He falls.

Black. Oh ! are you measuring out your length in
 clay ? Ye Twins of valour *Lucas* and brave *Lisle*,
 Your heads, up from your earthly pillowes reare,
 And see your Murtherer lie weltering here.

Rainf. My spirit's faint, my heart is sick to death, I
 hold the panting lumpe betwixt my teeth, But 'twill not
 brooke to stay ; Let all those that have fought their
 Soveraignes ruine looke upon me and my deserved de-
 stiny, I would invoke the powers above, but them I have
 so much exasperated, they'l stop their cares to my com-
 plaints : Oh ! I die——

Thou King of flames, let me in Sulphure swim
 Neare to that Caudron, holds my Patron, *Pim*.

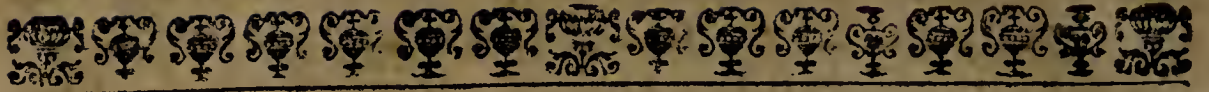
[He dies.

Blackburne. Oh dire and dreadfull end ! he's gone
 to his owne home, (the cursed Dungeon) with as much
 willingnesse as holy Anchorites surrender their white
 Soules to holy Angels, his Body we will throw in yon-
 der ditch for Beasts and Birds, to prey on : [They remove him.
 I have some wounds, but none (I think) are mortall.
 Come, fellow Souldier, let us hast to shelter, this deed,
 when once divulg'd, will be examin'd strictly——

Beyond the Seas, for safety I will flie,
 Till *England* once more be a Monarchie.

Exeunt.

The end of the fourth Act.



ACT. V.

[Ent. *Cromwell* with Mrs *Lambert*, in their night Robes.]

Cromwell. **A** *Pollo* is too hasty in his rise, and emulates my happinesse; had *Jupiter* injoy'd so rare a Creature as thy selfe (my Deare) in his lascivious armes, he would have charm'd bright *Phæbus* to the East, and have united day & night in one, as when he revell'd 'twixt *Amphitrios* sheets; how likes my love of her new Bed-fellow?

Mrs *Lambert.* You are as valiant Sir, in those soft skirmishes *Venus* expects in her pavillion, as in those deeds of death *Mars* doth approve of in his Tent of Warre.

[Enter *Peters.*]

Pet. Good morrow to the most renowned *Cromwell*, & his most excellent Mistresse; Sir, I this morning have receiv'd a Letter directed unto you, I thinke it comes from Commissary *Ireton*.

Cromwell. Some newes of more than ordinary consequence if it beare date from him:

{ He opens and reads
the Letter.

Lieutenant Generall,

THe deed is done, (which either ever makes, or marres us all) the King (according to the doome of our High Court of Justice) this morning lost His Head, thousands of people being Spectators of His Tragedy; His Body we have given to the Duke of Richmond, to be dispos'd of as he thinks fit: the Vulgar (generally) are much intraged at it,
and

and say (having proceeded so farre in our Treasons against him, that we despaired of pardon to preserve our own lives, and to make our selves Master over them) we have murdered the most virtuous Prince in Europe at his owne dore, but we shall muzzell the mouthes of that many-headed Hydra ere it be long; and in the meane time must resolve to keep what we have got by fraud and force, by oppression and violence: we have Outlawed the Eldest and Second Sonne of the dead King, and proclaimed, That if ever they be taken on English ground, they shall die without mercy: we are now modelizing the Common-wealth, in the prosecution of which, both Souldiers and Senators, desire your aide; this I was commanded to certifie you: and had I not been commanded, it had been done of his owne accord by

Your assured Friend to serve you,

I R E T O N.

Crom. Then now I am above the reach of fate, prepare (my *Hugh*) though not to be a Bishop, yet to dispose of a whole Diocesse: you Lady (the sole Mistresse of my hopes) are yet untainted in your Husbands thoughts, let him againe repose his horned head betwixt your delicate paps; I must with speed to *London*, whence I will send thee thy lap-full of Gold (my *Danae*) and Jewels rich and sparkling, for to adorne thy onely eminent beauty; nor shalt be long ere I in person visit thee.

Mrs Lambert. Sir, you have robb'd me both of honour, and my heart at once; so strange a Fate doth sway me, that whatsoe're you judge to be convenient, I must not contradict.

Crom. Thou art as wise as beautiful, rest confident of my fidelity, Farewell Star of the North. [*Kisses her, she goes off.*]

G.

Come

Come (*Hugh*) lets poste unto the famous Citty
To sit in Councell with the State Committee.

Exeunt.

[Enter Chorus.]

*Now all is lost to humane sense,
The King is murther'd on pretence
He was a Tyrant, and in Him
Our Lawes and Rights to lathe swim,
Buried forever in His death,
Since they subsisted by His Breath,*

1. See here, what would make Indians weep,
2. And force the Monsters of the deep ;
3. Shed teares into the brinie maine,
4. And after drinke them up againe ;
5. That which forc'd *Sol* to hide his head
6. Pierc'd into Graves, and wak'd the dead ;
7. And that which made the Angels hide
8. Their faces (deep in scarlet di'de)
9. With their soft wings, and doth compell
10. The Catholick to turne Infidel,
11. And to believe *Presbyter Johns*,
12. And strictest Solifidians,
13. Are damn'd (even from their Cradle) since
14. They murther'd so divine a Prince.

{ These 14 Ver-
see are spoken
wholly in re-
lation to the
Kings Mur-
ther.

{ He discovers be-
hind the travers
the dead body of
the King ; also
the Bodies of the
Lord Capel,
Hamilton &
Holland.

This body, when possesst of life [Pointing to Hamilton.]
Was the sole Causer of the strife
And breach (which so our Land hath rent)
Betwixt the King and Parliament ;
'Twas he, that by his Hell-bred plots
decoyd the King amongst the Scots ;
Yet afterward (his owne to hold)
Sold Him to Traytors for their Gold ;

All this in hopes to win that Crowne,
 Desire of which, hath brought him downe
 Unto the earth, flaine (even by them).
 From whom he hop'd a Diadem ;
 His Soule the Furies meane to ply
 With tortures to eternity.

[*Pointing to Holland.*

This Body when it us'd to walke,
 Knew better how to Drab and talke,
 To weare gay Cloathes, and Complement,
 Then to be wisely eminent ;
 For loyalty unto his King
 His folly not, his faith did bring
 Him to the Block. But here lies one, [*Pointing to the L. Capel.*
 The glory of his Nation,
 A man for valour, virtue, wit,
 Who learning lov'd, and cherisht it
 Without compare ; his Charity
 Extended unto each degree,
 Ages and Sex, (had they no more
 But this one Devilish Act in store
 Of murthering him) the Rebels (sure)
 Could not, yet eight yeare more procure,
 To Reigne by bloud, by rapines, horrors,
 Treason, inexplicable terrors ;
 But what the Fates allot we must
 Submit to, and in them we trust
 To see these Monsters fall and rot,
 By God and virtuous men forgot.

Exit.

